

THE WEATHER TODAY

Too Dam Hot.

Maybe Rain.

Village Daily

Vol. 1 No. 3

Two Cents

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

Per Copy

Sept. 5, 1933

CLASH LOOMS BETWEEN U.S. AND CARMEL

A SHORT SHORT STORY SOLVING CITY'S SORROW

By James Hopper

I have a friend of a contemplative nature who has focussed his mind lately upon the trouble that ails us all. And he had found the cure for the depression.

"What Carmel should do," he said to me, "Carmel, which is always 'different,' which leads the country's thought, what Carmel should do is to put up an Oompah Building."

"The Oompah Building," he exposed, "would be erected on the twelve square blocks which now make up the heart of the Village. It would be an edifice calculated to cost exactly two billion, six million, five hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars, and ninety-eight cents, plus the sales tax, in dollars of the value set by our President on the day of the corner-stone planting.

"It could be so planned as to be of rigorous unstability, so that it would constantly be leaning over and threatening to fall down. Which would take care of the needs of the future. Also, the water pipes of it could be fabricated so as to burst and erupt at frequent intervals.

"Now, just you follow the blowings of Prosperity through every village vein and capillary from this central Pump

"The Realtors' Application of the N. R. A. would put every one of them as commission earners in the sale of the necessary ground—each of the hundred and forty-five (there would be at least one hundred and forty-five) getting full commission.

(Continued on Back Page)

"LITTLE WOMEN"



COMING SOON

The Community Players have made a happy and timely selection in choosing to present for their current offering, Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," as dramatized by Marian De Forest. Incidentally, this is the only dramatized version ever made, and is the script used by Alice Brady, Eva Lagallienne and Kathryn Cornell. Added interest is given by the movie production now being made, which will star Katherine Hepburn.

This offering by the Community Players becomes a sort of "old fashioned" revival, in contrast to productions recently seen in Carmel. The cast is composed of professional, semi-professional and amateur players, who are giving a kindly sympathetic and altogether understanding interpretation of the various members of the family of the "little women" and of their problems.

The production is being given under the very capable direction of Byron Folger, with the ever dependable "Dick and Rhoda" (Johnson) "doing" costumes and scenery. "Little Women" will be presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings at the Community Playhouse, with a special Children's matinee on Saturday.

MAYOR CATLIN IN QUONDAM QUANDRY

"Is Carmel going to be governed by Washington, D. C. or by Carmel Woods" was the question being asked today by members of the City Council in regard to the NRA ruling regarding the addition of employees locally.

"Carmel is a distinctive community," said Mayor John Catlin, in an exclusive interview with the Daily at a late hour last night, "and I, for one, do not propose that what may be beneficial for the rest of these United States is necessarily of benefit to us."

Frederick Bechdolt, noted author and head of the NRA in Carmel, said: "Carmel is bound to live up to the NRA principles."

James Hopper, vitriolic commentator, whose article in Saturday's Daily was read in full over the ten o'clock broadcast on the national network, said: "I am afraid the country is about to become overrun with little dictators."

David Alberto, composer, said: "See my editorial in today's Daily."

The matter will be more fully gone into tomorrow after Frank Sheridan hears about it.

WANTED

An educated man with ambition, to become the Advertising Manager of The Village Daily, and The Villager. A great opportunity for the right fellow. The present staff of The Village Press might be said to combine the flower of the Peninsula's intelligentsia. Apply in person at The Village Press on Ocean Avenue.

THE VILLAGE DAILY

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HENRY FORD

(An Editorial from the Devastating pen of David Alberto)

Figuring it out in our artistic, yet unmathematical manner, Henry Ford has received at least one million dollars in valuable publicity from the NRA. We also will assume that Mr. Ford in his philanthropic way does not profit to the greater extent than one hundred dollars for each convertible coupe (convertible in this respect, tin versus gold). Based upon these estimates, it would be necessary to sell ten thousand vehicles to acquire those million dollars. Therefore we conclude that Mr. Ford has made another million doubloons without having to create the tintinabulation of the thinly tinted transitory terrors. This in itself is not strict in keeping with the NRA policy.

Ah, Henry, despite your occupation, you likely are not so famous a traveler as was O. Henry; still you possess the ability, when chanting your Blue Eagle Ode to produce more volume than emanates from a Petaluma henner when eggs are retailing at a dozen cents a dozen.

Right you are, Henry, now is the time to feather your nest, for the moulted feathers must have some value and this is the moulting season.

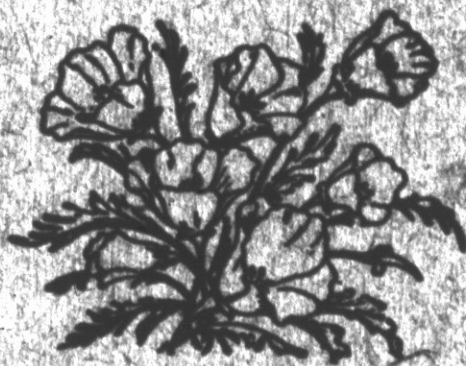
We understand that the new body is to be lighter and the wheelbase shorter. But don't worry, Henry, the sales will be heavier and longer. God Bless the NRA.

(Editor's Note: We presume a cessation of these caustic comments could be caused by delivery of non c. o. d. convertible coupe to Mr. Alberto's studio door).

Gossip

Note to the Printer's Association of the Peninsula

Be it known, fellow craftsmen, that at any and all times, the entire facilities of the Village Press are at your disposal. Any cuts, paper, ink, or even type, that you may wish to borrow, are yours, and may be had for the asking. To hell with this fol de rol about a written order before releasing a cut, come and get it! And good luck and better times to all of us. As Tiny Tim said, God Bless Us Everyone . . . the Village Press.



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To Tea, Converse and
Enjoy Yourself

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TEA ROOM
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Typewriters Repaired
With Discretion

—at—
The—
VILLAGE PRESS

Sports

HONEST VILLAGERS DON'T SWIPE BOOKS

Appreciation of literature is so keen in Carmel, that when a forgetful proprietor of a second hand book store becomes so engrossed in watching rehearsals of "Little Women" that he leaves practically his entire stock out on the sidewalk all night, none of them are taken.

What other town could brag thusly of its citizens, said the person who puts dust on the covers of books at The Village Press to make them look old, when interviewed today. Probably a hundred persons passed by, and yet this morning, our entire stock was still there. Is it because Carmel has a book?

EL FUMIDOR

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Letters

Dear Eds.:

We like your paper. It is funny, which alas, its cousin The Villager is not. In fact it is a damned (copy reader will NOT omit) funny paper.

As readers of the sport column we are much interested in the trip of w. k. Hefling and grandson to Omaha. Are they walking, bicycling or swimming?

We are also surprised to find any Carmel paper as practical as yours. We refer to several omissions in the date line. Implication is obvious. If you have any copies left (doubtful) you can sell 'em the next day and take a vacation. What our "artistic" village has needed for some time is a good practical paper. But, dear sirs, think of posterity! Consider the difficulties of collectors many years hence, who won't know which is the first and which the second edition.

And, by the way, "No matter WHOM you are going to meet—Whitneys is the place to meet them."—We insist!!

Most innocently yours,
WE WHO LIVE.

SSW of Here.

(Editor's Note: Sorry about the grammar, but this is such a lousy print shop that we use all our m's for inverted wubble-yous).



FOR RENT

1 bedroom, redwood cottage, all modern conveniences, 2 blocks from beach. Rent \$30 per month, starting Sept. 18.

THOBURNS

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Phone 333

Society

Pauline Meeks was hostess to other eve.

Missus and "Doc" Staniford and son Bill were visitors to the metropolis to the N. of here yesterday. Willie bought a new suit with two pants. Congratulations, son!

Pete Steffens has a new pop gun. Pretty dangerous, say we.

The Thespians have a new recruit in the charming person of Miss Lorraine Plank daughter of the w. k. minister. Miss Plank plans to study dramatics under the tutelage of Helen Ware.

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HOPPER CONTINUED

"The Architects! The enabling law would fix their number, say, at seven hundred and fifty; each paid what one would have been paid had he been at it alone, and each working a maximum of fifty-five split seconds a day, a minimum of fifteen split seconds a day, three days a week, one week-and-a-half a month.

"And then—but why go on. The innumerable armies of masons, of brick layers, of structural workers, of plasterers, of plumbers, etc., etc., etc., etc. And afterwards, and forever, of janitors, window-washers, garbage collectors, leak fixing plumbers, architectural restorers, and superintendents and insurance men.

"Without forgetting the senators and representatives working for us in Washington. They would be paid in votes, at the rate of sixty-five votes from each and every one of the inhabitants of this favored city.

"I need not go on to expatiate. Your eyes already vision. At the same vision my voice trembles with an emotion that makes it difficult for me to go on.

"Yet I will ask you to make another effort. Let us put the population of Carmel at, say, conservatively, two thousand.

"The population of the country is probably now one hundred and twenty million.

"That means that this country is really made up (God save the mark, and it isn't true, because Carmel IS 'different') of sixty thousand little Carmels.

"Each would follow of course the example of the 'different' Carmel.

"Each would erect an Oompah Building costing \$26,599,998.98 (plus sales tax). Sixty thousand Oompah Buildings each costing \$26,599,998.98 plus sales tax (I leave the multiplication of the total to you) would dot our glorious land.

"Beneath an Ocean of Prosperity a thousand feet deep; above the Depression buried so deep there would be from it not even a smell!"

He paused, his voice muted with tears.

"Ah, great!" I said briskly. "Ah Great! And what would our Oompah Building be used for?" I prattled, being a little light-headed from joy.

He looked at me out of eyes freighted with a heavy disappointment of me. "Use?" he said scornfully. "Use isn't the point. The point is to create EMPLOYMENT and revive PROSPERITY. Use? — Why the Oompah Building wouldn't have any use?"

Sensitive as I am to disapprobation, I lost my head completely. "And where would the money come from? To build the Oompah Building? I cried.

His glance slashed across my neck line like a scimitar.

"Fear not," he said coldly. "It won't cost YOU anything!"

"Where will the money come from you ask? From Washington, of course!

"It won't cost nobody not one small cent!" he concluded, cuttingly.

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(adv.)

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